The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

Speak naught, move not, but listen! the sky is full of gold;
No ripple on the river, no stir in the field or fold;
All gleams but naught doth glisten, save the far off unseen sea.

Forget days past, heart-broken, put all thy memory by!
No grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky;
Joy that may not be spoken fills mead and flower and tree.

Look not, they will not heed thee; speak not, they will not hear;
Pray not, they have no bounty; curse not, they may not fear;
Cower down, they will not heed thee; long-lived the world shall be.

Hang down thine head and hearken, for the bright eve mocks thee still;
Night trippeth on the twilight, but the summer hath no will
For woes of thine to darken, and the moon hath left the sea.

Hope not to tell thy story in the rest of gray-eyed morn,
In the dawn grown gray and rainy, for the thrush, ere day is born,
Shall be singing to the glory of the day-star mocking thee.

Be silent, worn, and weary till this tyranny is past.
For the summer joy shall darken, and the wind wail low at last,
And the drifting rack, and dreary, shall be kind to hear and see.

Thou shalt remember sorrow, thou shalt tell all thy tale
When the rain fills up the valley, and the trees amid their wail
Think far beyond to-morrow, and the sun that yet shall be.

Hill-side and vineyard hidden, and the river running rough,
Toward the flood that meets the Northlands, shall be rest for thee enough,
For thy tears to fall unbidden, for thy memory to go free.

Rest, then, when all moans round thee, and no fair sunlitten lie,
Maketh light of sorrow underneath the brazen sky!
And the tuneful woe hath found thee, over land and over sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled,
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

—*Schiller.*

—An Ohio youth, who desired to wed the object of his affections, had an interview with her parental ancestor, in which he stated that, although he had no wealth worth speaking of yet he was "chuck full of days' works." He got the girl.

Our Special Contributors.

A PRACTICAL WOMAN FARMER.

BY DR. FULLER WALKER,
Editor of the New York Globe.

Men do not hinder; women are ignorant and cannot compete, they are weak and unable to perform. To repeat this, is to state the last argument to which the opponents of the elevation of women have been driven. Let them demonstrate to the world their ability to fill the places now occupied by men, is the modern cant Greeleyism which the Don Quixotes of to-day brandish with a great show of power. Some may think this the conclusion of the whole matter, and so never dare to have any aspirations higher than the puff of steam which ascends from their tea-urn; while others, like the snail, will make haste to withdraw into that shell "sphere" which has circumscribed limits, and is at once a home and a protection. If this is, or shall be, the condition of a majority of the women of America, we are glad to know that an enterprising and pioneering minority will set their sisters better examples, cutting paths through the present ice of conservatism to open and wider seas of usefulness.

In all of the arts, sciences, and professions, and in very many of the trades and other avocations of the human family, women have already demonstrated that they are the equals of men, fully capable, under the same conditions, of performing any kind of work which their brains or hands find to do. The list of prominent individual examples is too long for us to cite particular cases. As soldiers, which is the chiefest labor of the world, the cable informs us that the women of Paris are equally brave with the men, and have the same powers of endurance. There can be nothing beyond this in the way of physical exertion and mental stress, and if the resistance to the deplorable siege shall have produced no other good result, demonstrated no other fact, it will not have been in vain.

Agricultural pursuits, with the exception of gardening as indulged in by the pupils of Vassar College, and horticulture as practiced by the young ladies at the Massachusetts Horticultural School, near Boston, have ever been regarded fit only for men. For a woman to stand at the head of a farm, and work it, giving orders to her helpers, is considered to be little less than preposterous. Yet in England women trim hedges for a few pence a day, and in some instances are herded together in gangs with men, boys, and girls, as farm laborers; in New England the Yankee housewife often helps to make hay, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and drive the geese; in Ohio women hoe corn and dig potatoes: on the upper end of Manhattan Island, Irish women take the entire charge of large vegetable gardens, and in various other parts of the world women perform much of the actual drudgery of the husbandman. We sometimes read in the Western papers startling stories of bold girls, as fair as they are strong, who have gone into the woods of Minnesota or Wisconsin, and cleared up farms, or who have an enormous breadth of land under cultivation in Kansas, or elsewhere. Such things we read of in books, as we do of the Amazons, but it is seldom we meet with a practical lady farmer, although there are numbers of them in existence. At the last meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain, open to competition from the three kingdoms, a lady who has been a widow for seven years received the highest prize for the best farm. There is at this moment, in New York City, a lady of fine attainments and extensive travels, who is acting as the Agricultural Editor of the *Times*, who, some five years ago was carrying on a large farm near Cork, in Ireland. This lady is Miss Midy Morgan, of whom we propose to speak briefly at this time as a lady farmer, reserving other careers in her life for articles which may follow.

While yet a young woman she saw her only brother marry and leave home, and saw her aged father almost bowed to the earth with grief at the loss of a favorite daughter, and the contemplation of the certain prospect t at he would have no son to manage the estate in his declining days. He took to his library, and the farm was left to get on as best it could, with ignorant and incompetent servants to work it. Miss Morgan saw that such a state of things would shortly bring utter ruin to the family.

In a few months the estate began to show the absence of the master; work was neglected; cattle and horses were not properly cared for; the farm hands were idle; bad bargains were made, and when Saturday night came there was no money coming in with which to meet bills or pay help.

In this emergency Miss Morgan determined to fill the place which should have been occupied by her brother, and become her father's right-hand man. Having been fond of fox-hunting all the days of her womanhood, and being a very expert horsewoman, she donned a short riding-habit, Wellington boots, and a wide-awake hat, and jumping into the saddle of her favorite horse, she took the farm in charge, scouring it from end to end, and giving it her personal supervision. She employed a groom to look after her horses, brush her boots and clothes, and do her bidding. She found her steward incompetent, and took into her own hands the buying and selling of all the things needed for or used on the farm. She employed from eight to seventeen workmen, kept nine or ten horses, raised blooded stock, and sent fat cattle and calves to the London markets. Four miles away was the city of Cork, and thither she went at five o'clock in the morning, may be, to attend the corn exchange, and transact such other busi-

ness as was necessary. The business men of Cork on 'change always treated her politely, and gave her a cordial welcome.

She gave her personal supervision to the care of the horses, the securing of the crops, the stacking of the hay, the fattening of the cattle, etc., etc. Many a day she was in her saddle from morning until night, and although for the first two years she suffered from heart disease, hereditary in the family, she found, at the end of that time, that her health had been restored, and ever since she has been blooming and robust. Thus, for eight years, she worked her father's farm of nearly two hundred acres, not allowing a crooked blade of grass to grow on the place, and carrying it on after the model system now so common in England.

During these eight years she studied the science of farming, and the care of horses and other animals, under the best masters she could find, until to-day she has a practical knowledge of agriculture, of horses, etc., which is invaluable to her, and which enables her to fill her present responsible position on the New York *Times*.

Her advice is to-day sought from all parts of the United States on questions concerning the breed and purchase of horses, the proper management of cattle, the best improvements in saddles, wagons, etc.

While in Ireland Miss Morgan was fond of attending all the great events of the season, such as yacht-races, horse-races, fox-hunts, agricultural shows, etc., and she was such a bold and fine rider after the hounds, that her exploits were frequently noticed in the sporting and agricultural papers of England, and thus her fame extended beyond the borders of her own country.

At last the father died, the property fell into the hands of the eldest son, as the law is in that country, and Miss Morgan sought new fields of employment in other parts of the world.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE "NATION."

BY MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

The great gander of the "Nation" desires to hear from "reforming geese" on the Alabama question, on the fisheries question, the civil service question, the minority representation question, the tariff question, the labor question, the question of education, the judiciary question, the question of international arbitration, the question of neutral rights and duties; in short, the various questions over which the male mind of this nation, and of the civilized world is just now sorely perplexed," and he also requests us "not to meddle with things that we do not understand."

Dear me! if the human world had never meddled with things that it did not understand, we shouldn't know much to-day. If women do not know anything about politics and government, it is high time that we begin to meddle with them and learn; if we do not, they will be the death of us as a nation, in the hands of men.

In THE REVOLUTION, of December 15th, I promised to gratify the "reasonable and modest request" of the "Nation;" (I mean the first one,) but I have too high an opinion of the wisdom of its editor, to suppose that he would expect any *one* woman to discuss *all* these questions with ability. I frankly confess, to begin with, that I do not thoroughly understand all these questions. Nevertheless, I have investigated them sufficiently toform opinions of my own, and perhaps I might, from my womanly standpoint of observation, notice some moral points that men fail to perceive, though they may have a better historical and legal knowledge of the questions under discussion. I have long since learned that legality and justice (which is a moral law,) are not always convertible terms.

And first the Alabama question. I have a decided opinion that the government of England violated the neutral law of nations in permitting the Alabama to harrass and prey upon our commerce. My opinion upon the legal aspect of the question may not be correct, but of one thing I am very certain, viz: that she violated every sentiment of honor and justice by taking advantage of a friendly neighbor in distress, by seeking to perpetuate human slavery, by seeking to annoy and cripple those who were fighting for freedom, and for the unity and integrity of the nation.

Nevertheless, it would be very foolish to go to war about it. There are several reasons why it would be not only very unwise, but very wrong. In the first place a war with England would cost us vastly more than all the damage she has done us, and might involve us in a war with other European powers. In the second place, the laboring, struggling, producing masses of the English people were our fast friends during the whole struggle. They had nothing to do with the sailing of the Alabama, and it is they who would be compelled to do the fighting, pay the expenses, and feel the keenest sufferings of war. By proclaiming war with England we should make enemies where now we have friends.

For these and for other reasons, I should not insist upon the payment of the Alabama claims at the point of the bayonet. But I should give the government (not the people) of England to understand that we shall charge this debt of bad faith against them, on our national books and in our hearts against her, and that when a convenient opportunity presents itself we shall hold her to a strict account, and vindicate our national honor. We should not fluster and bluster, and pull off our coats and get up a fight to punish the people of England who are not at all to blame.

Brother, let us calmly wait and watch our opportunity, and then let us retaliate upon the government of Great Britain, by helping its people to destroy that government, to overthrow its monarchial and feudal institutions, to recover their birthright in the soil on which they were born, by helping them to establish a free, Democratic representative government based, not upon property, but upon human rights. Such a revenge would be worthy of a free, civilized people of the nineteenth century, a revenge that our children's children might well be proud of; a revenge that would teach the ruling lords of the old world that they could not meddle with our affairs and trample upon our rights with impunity.

The civil service and the judiciary questions are crying aloud to heaven, and to all good men and women for reform, and they must and will be heard and heeded. The corruptions and abuse of these two branches of the government, and of the legislative branch in connection with them, are a stench in the nostrils of justice. They are a fraud upon the people under a governmental cloak that cannot protect them much longer. A thorough reform must come, and that speedily, or the sun of our freedom will go down in a sea of human blood, amid the angry dashing and clashing of its human waves. And here let me assure you, (in imitation of your female orator) that these reforms can never be fully and effectully inaugurated but with the help of woman, and with the incoming of other great reforms. Doubtless the editor of the "Nation" will sneer at this idea as a "bit of ineffable folly." All I have to say is, put it down in your books in good legible black and white, and before many years you will know by experience and by reference to the record, that I tell you truth. These questions of reform can be fully discussed, only in connection with the labor and the woman's movements. I have much more to say upon them, but the time is not yet.

And next comes the fisheries question. Well, perhaps the best thing I could do would be to say with your female orator, "I know nothing about your treaties;" that is, I know very little about them; and I do not care to inform myself just now. If I were called upon to help to settle the fisheries question, I should deem it my duty to look into the treaties; and I do not believe that I could not understand them simply because I am a woman. I have never had cause thus to distrust myself.

One thing I would like to say, and that is, I believe it would be a great piece of folly to go to war to settle the fisheries question, for the very plain reason that there is no justice in settling disputes by war; and this brings me straight to the question of "international arbitration," which is a much more reasonable civilized method of settling national disputes than the battle-ax or the bullet.

And here again I must say with your female orator, that "international arbitration will never be firmly established until women get the *vote*." And when this long looked for time shall come (as come it must) when men shall learn to beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, instead of beating each other like so many savages, then the question of "neutral rights and duties" will be settled forever.

Nevertheless, I am not a sentimental Quaker. I do not believe in crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace." Let us defend our sacred rights and liberties, and our national honor, with the best blood of the nation, *if need be*. Better death than slavery. As an American woman I say, give me the freedom and the rights of an American citizen, or give me death.

As to the minority representation question, it seems to me but simple justice that the minority should be represented in every legislative body.

The tariff question is a very important and a very complicated one. It is very evident that the present system of taxation in all its branches is a very onerous one, and in many respects I believe it is very unjust. But I shall only deal with it on general principles, as I am not called upon to make out a list of goods taxable, or to specify the amount that should be imposed upon each kind.

A protective tariff or free trade are the

present issues before the people. Now, if all the governments of the world were free governments, if the relations of the people of other nations towards their governments were the same as ours—that is, if the people of all nations stood upon a free and equal footing, then free trade would be the true doctrine. Doubtless free governments and free trade should go together. They are related to each other as cause and effect.

But all the governments of the world are not free. On the contrary, nearly all of them are despotic. The laboring people are only the vassals of rulers, and the slaves of capital. The intelligent working people of this nation cannot afford to place themselves on a level with the serfs and political slaves of the old world. The people of the old world must dethrone their despots, and take the rights of life and liberty, and the rights of labor into their own hands, before they can be entitled to free trade with a free people.

Protection is a universal law. The choicest fruits of nature protect themselves in shells and skins. Animals are protected by fur and hair. We protect ourselves with clothing and houses and fires. When our children are small and helpless we protect them in every possible way from injury. When they are learning to walk we protect and prevent them from falling. But if we should protect them too much, by always leading and supporting them, they would never learn to walk at all; and too much protection in the way of clothing is injurious. It is a nice point to know just how much protection is necessary in any given case. Experience is the best teacher.

Surely the experience of the past has taught us that the industries of this nation need protection from competition with the pauper, slave-labor system of the old world, but it is a nice point to know just where and how much protection to give. The present tariff gives too much protection, and is a great burden to the people, because it is misapplied, by protecting the capitalists and the monopolizing heads of manufacturing establishments, instead of protecting the laborers. Nature teaches us a lesson on this point that we should do well to heed, viz.: that heads do not need protection half as much as physical laborers—body, feet and hands. Heads are a law of protection unto themselves.

We shall leave the labor question and the question of education for another article, and in connection with these questions, perhaps we shall serve you with a few side dishes not in the bill, such as the land question, the money question, and the question of woman's rights as a laborer. We consider side dishes and "*side issues*" as the necessary accompaniments of a good table.

OF DIVERS AND SUNDRY MATTERS.

BY AUNT NANCY.

The cook had flounced out—flounced is the only word that can be applied to her order of going, and the manner in which her band-box and bundles took their departure through the basement door. She declared she "never would cook six males a day—no, niver—for any family, if the missus was a angel; and as for the wash, it was enough to break down a nagur." She was going into that quiet little family, "as don't have any company," which stands for the paradise of Irish servant girls.

I don't blame Biddy; don't imagine that I do. Wouldn't I "flare up," too, if I had to live as an underling with Laura Lovering? Mrs. Stowe says no woman ever dies in America for want of speaking her mind. Our domestics never burst, as some of the young lady poets of the period say they are going to for want of expression. So Biddy gave her opinion of lady visitors, "as never come down to breakfast, and sile six ruffled petticoats every blessed week, to say nothing of the children;" and then she strode off, metaphorically speaking, with her nose in the air.

Oh, how we sighed for the advent of the "heathen Chinee!" Ann, the chambermaid was put into the kitchen, and picked up dinners were the order of the day. Grace was metamorphozed into a chambermaid. I took care of the dining-room, and Mary assisted in all departments. Mrs. Lovering's sole duty was to look after her children, and if there was anything she particularly disliked it was the care of those unamiable juveniles. Being obliged to unclasp her tendrils and support her own weight, I began to notice signs of deliverance at hand.

Laura complained mournfully of Mary's want of management. "She never could get along with servants. In her own house when poor Mr. Lovering was alive, everything went on like clock work. He took it all off her shoulders. But then some people have a faculty, and others haven't."

On the morning of the third day Ann had a "turn," which seems peculiar to servant girls, and isn't set down in any of the medical books. There was a "rising in the pit of her stomach, a cold goneness, and roaring in her ears." Mary put her to bed, and then followed a disjointed breakfast.

"Seems to me we shall have to shut up the shanty," said Bob, standing before the fire in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes. "It looks now as if things were going to the demnition bow-wows."

Jack and Minnie Lovering were at that moment locked in a close tussle, upon which the mother looked with supine helplessness. She sighed as she dabbed at a bit of lamb chop.

"I have decided to take the train, and go out to dear Mrs. Mason's this afternoon," said she. "Mrs. Mason has hosts of servants, and everything is made particularly delightful for guests."

"I know you'll be more comfortable out there," returned Mary, brightening up wonderfully, and trying not to show it. "My household is in a very confused state, and I don't see when things are going to be better. With your weak nerves, it is very trying."

Mrs. Lovering looked like a martyr; and the way we went to work to prepare her for her journey showed what latent energy the family possessed. One was busy all the forenoon in picking up her belongings, which were scattered like Pegotty's buttons all over the house; another packed her trunk; a fourth dressed the children, while Bob pranced about, making himself for once really useful. He was secretly overjoyed at the prospect of getting back to modern improvements and his own den on the third floor.

At two o'clock Laura drove away with her children in a hack, and Bob walked down to the station to attend to the baggage. In half an hour he came back gaily whistling "Champagne Charley." His foot was on his native hearth again.

"Whew! mother," he exclaimed, "you ought to have seen what a breeze Aunt Laura raised down at the depot. She thought she'd had her pocket picked, and wanted me to arrest somebody. Just as I had raised a row, and was going to call the police, she found it somewhere about her. You ought to have seen me kiss her, and hug my dear, precious, sweet-tempered, angelic little cousins, when I bid them good-bye. There was a tear in each eye. I never cried for joy before in all my life!"

"Hush!" said Mary; but a little smile would twinkle out at him, in spite of all she could do.

"Now, we'll have a jolly time putting the house to rights," said Grace, who was smothered in a great kitchen apron. "I'd just like to have Billy Softhead see me in this rig. I wonder if he'd think Miss Grace was charming?"

"This is my reception day," remarked Mary. "Bob, go and close the front of the house, just as if we were all away from home, and then those who call will never be the wiser."

So presently, as we were working away in the basement, the ringing at the bell began.

"This is prime," said Bob, gambolling around uncouthly.

"It's much better fun, I'm sure," said Grace, with her pretty hands in the dish water, "than to sit up and listen to stupid old Mrs. Lathan descant about her rheumatism, or to hear Mrs. Straine retailing gossip about Mrs. Highflyer, who lives across the street. I should just like to have my beaux come in and see me as I am now. All the prettiest pictures of us represent girls engaged in sewing or spinning, or doing something useful, with their lovers beside them. Why can't it be so in reality?"

"Young men," I answered, "talk about the idleness and frivolity of girls; but they wouldn't care to have them useful. They admire the white do-nothing hands of our young ladies, sparkling with rings, a thousand times more than the palm that shows the marks of work, the little forefinger, with its nutmeg grater on one side, indicating where the needle has pricked. It's just as it is with modesty. Men praise and laud it; but you'll always see them thronging around the low necks and short sleeves, and leaving the good, sensible girls, who dress high in the throat, pinned up as wall-flowers."

"Then I shall be a wall-flower, auntie," said Grace; and I stooped and kissed her rosy lips.

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Notes About Women.

—Female foot-races flourish in Florida.

—Girl-clerks are getting common out West.

—Ohio boasts of a bank directress.

—Canadian ladies have a snow shoe club.

—The Iowa Woman's Suffrage State Association has been postponed until next June.

—The Pennsylvania Hospital provides separate clinics for women students.

—If you want to become a real estate agent, marry a rich wife.

—Miss Anna Dickinson lectured recently in Washington, in aid of the French Fair.

—A hospital for invalid women and children is talked of at New Bedford, Mass.

—A Jersey City lady is going to sue a ferry-boat for not stopping to pick up her muff.

—Miss Laura Keene subscribed $50 to the Holland Testimonial Fund.

—A bride twelve years of age is the proud boast of North Cornwall, Conn.

—Miss Kellogg when she sings now wears $28,000 worth of diamonds.

—A woman is the foreman of the Janesville Wis *Gazette.*

—A Boston lady's pins, when she is fully dressed, number 300.

—The best capital to begin life with—A capital wife.

—Mrs. Jane C. Swisshelm is writing wicked articles on men and measures.

—The height of a young lady's ambition—Two little feet.

— There is not a female prisoner in the Kansas Penitentiary.

—Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and the angels know of us.

—A Detroit woman supports her husband by cleaning the snow from her neighbor's sidewalk.

—Themistocles said: "I had rather my daughter would have a man without money than money without a man."

—The Lafayette ladies are organizing a club for the suppression of late staying out among husbands.

—Florence Nightingale has truly said that "the records of all wars have been frightful records of preventable suffering."

—A bust representing America, the handiwork of Miss Vinnie Ream, has been placed in the rotunda of the Capitol.

—A lass is what the unmarried men of Wyoming sigh for; but, alas! the lasses won't run out there.

— Mrs. Myra Guines won her celebrated New Orleans suit, and the lawyers are now suing her for $127,000 counsel fees.

—Miss Belle Finlayson, the engrossing clerk of the Missouri Senate, is an uncompromising Democrat.

— The Philadelphia *Press* cites Queen Philippa as one of the famous "protectionists" of history.

— A writer in the Washington *Chronicle* denies that there is any thing in the Bible opposed to Woman's rights.

—"Political corruption and the remedy," by Simon Stern, Esq., is the question for the Cosmopolitan Conference, next Sunday.

—At the recent vote in Congress, one of the colored members voted for woman suffrage and one against.

—An old lady in Holland, whose sole occupation was housewifery, scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

—Fanny Fern says when she was a girl in Boston girls would just as soon have been allowed to go to a cholera hospital as to a theater.

—The leading belles of Washington are Mrs. Zielen, Miss Preston, of Kentucky, and Miss Campbell and Miss Phillips, of Washington.

—Among the latest converts to the extension of suffrage to women is mentioned the name of Mrs. Senator Ames, *nee* Blanche Butler.

—The Hon. Mrs. Yelverton (Lady Avonmore) has purchased a farm in Missouri, and intends to remain there. Her only companion is her maid.

—A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight-lacing is a public benefit. inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

— Twin sisters, twenty-three years of age run an eighty acre farm in Iowa. A boy of sixteen is all the male help they have. They milk over twenty cows.

— A woman in Terre Haute glues her husband's eyelids together when he gets drunk, and when he promises better things she soaks them in warm water and restores his vision.

—Lady Pigott, an English woman, very famous as an agriculturist, is now nursing the wounded at Metz. She describes the Prussians as "loud and consequential" the French "pale and haggard," and both weary of war.

—Among its greatest curiosities, Wisconsin reckons a woman who has been married six times, twice to the same man; has been divorced three times, twice from the same man, and is now a widow.

—A lady of Lenox, of high pretensions, but scanty realizations, on visiting the house of a friend who possessed a piano, naively inquired, "Has your piano an octave? My daughter's has one!"

—Max Strakosch denies that there is any foundation for the rumor that Mdlle. Nilsson was ever engaged to Gustave Dore. He says that they never met but three times, and then at dinner parties in Paris.

—They have on exhibition in Berlin, "a stone maiden," said to be petrified young lady, who was buried alive by the Inquisition in Spain many hundred years ago.

—A sweet young thing of the male persuasion made his appearance at a Fifth avenue party, recently, with his hair powdered and parted in the middle, and with embroidered collar and cuffs trimmed with fluted lace.

— A Chicago lady recently received a letter from a girl in Paris, in which was the following sentence: "Do not mind the reports of our despondency. We expect to begin a brilliant ball season in a week or two."

—Mrs. Ingham, of Iowa, will live in history as the women who delivered a Thanksgiivng sermon while her husband proudly sat back of the pulpit holding the baby.

—Mrs. Bodstein has been the chief soprano at Grace church, New York, for twenty-six years, and when she recently desired to resign, the rector, vestry, and congregation would not hear to it.

—At the Suffrage Convention recently held in Boston, the Rev. James Freeman Clark was chosen President, in the place of Julia Ward Howe. With this exception the old Board of Officers was re-elected.

—A letter from London says that Mrs. Lincoln was in that city on the 22d ult, for the purpose of placing her son Tad at school, and that having accomplished this she purposed joining her friend, Mrs. Bishop Simpson, in Rome.

—A Chicago fallen woman, after trying in vain to dissuade a foolish young country girl from entering on a life of shame, sent for an officer and had her arrested and returned to her parents.

—The *National Standard* says:

Until some party espouses unequivocally the issue of woman suffrage there is no place for women in politics unless it be in an out-and-out woman suffrage party, or an independent position outside of all parties.

—A strong movement is afoot at Boston for the relief of needle-women and other working girls, many of whom are now out of employment. Boarding places where living may be had at small expense will be established, and other philanthropic plans will soon be carried out.

That ancient negress, Sojourner Truth uses this argument: "Did Jesus ever say anything against women? But he did speak awful hard things against men. You know what they were. And he knew them to be true. But he didn't say nothing 'gainst de women."

—The only chapter in the Bible (the last chapter of Proverbs) written by a woman (the mother of King Lemuel), contains a plea for woman's wages; "Give her the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

—Miss Fannie Talmage, of Brooklyn, is a very successful hospital nurse at Berlin. She is said to be beautiful and highly accomplished, and her valuable services have been acknowledged by the King and Queen of Prussia.

Mrs. De Kroyft—a lady whose exceptionally sad fate it was to be made within one month a bride, a widow, and blind, recently delivered a lecture, at Steinway Hall, on the "Soul of Eve." She is reported to have learned three languages since she was stricken with blindness.

—The highest price in the world for servants is paid in St. Petersburg. Girls that can cook receive forty dollars, and drivers fifty dollars a month and board. After St. Petersburg comes Roumania, then London, and after it the United States. They receive the poorest pay in Servia.

— Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker says that about 30,000 women have asked Congress for the enfranchisement of woman, and that in all, probably at least 200,000 different signatures have been obtained within twenty years to petitions forwarded to Congress and to the State Legislatures.

—Professor J. K. H. Willcox will repeat tomorrow, before the County Woman Suffrage Association, Union square, corner of Sixteenth street, at 2:30 P. M., his lecture on "Woman's Sphere," which attracted so much attention before the Liberal Club.

— The Troy *Press* has the following on war: Give us a *Woman's Peace Conventeon* and a *Woman's Universal Peace League*, that shall say: "Let there be no more war, for *all* war is evil." Man gains glory by war, woman sorrow. Man cannot and will not abolish war, woman can, and will.

—Joan of Arc was burnt at Rouen in 1418. John Rogers suffered the same death in 1555. Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded in 1587 Henry III, of France was assassinated in 1588. The Boston massacre took place one hundred years ago.

—The *Pioneer* says, while speaking of the manner crimes are rated in San Francisco:

On Friday of last week one John H. Greene was convicted of the awful crime of stealing an undershirt, and for which he was sent to jail for six months.

On Saturday, the day following, one John J. Dunn was convicted of a brutal assault on his wife, and was sent to jail for six months.

—The London Daily *News* while speaking of the educational and industrial movements for women, says:

Miss Faithfull has just returned from a fortnight's lecturing tour in Scotland, during which she has spoken at the leading institutions from Dumfries to Aberdeen. In several places no woman had ever been invited to speak before; but elsewhere the reception Miss Faithfull received was enthusiastic. She also gave two lectures at the Philosophical Institution at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

—Twenty-seven fallen women were arraigned, one day last week, before the Second District Court of this city, and still clergymen can refuse to bury an old actor who had led an honest life; had done all the good in his power, and harmed no human being, and can discuss the probabilities of Charles Dickens' salvation, as if there were no real work in the world devolving upon them.

—A young woman of Cleveland has sued a dentist for assault and battery, in pulling from her pretty mouth three sound front teeth. She visited him to lose a decayed back tooth, and after a singular attempt to persuade her to make a clean sweep and then have a false set, he gave her gas and she was aroused by the pain to find three teeth had gone and others in danger. That dentist must have badly wanted a job.

—Mrs. Demorest, speaking of expensive wedding costumes, writes: "I believe the French never wear crape at all, and I cannot see how any one, living or dead, is the worse for it. In hot weather, to condemn mourners to the use of heavy black clothes, is a mild form of insanity, and should in common charity be abolished."

—The *Liberal Christian* says:

We learn from a friend that Mrs. Celia Burleigh's lecture, "Houses and Homes," delivered at the Plymouth Church Lecture-room in Brooklyn, on Monday evening of last week, was listened to by a very full house, and was enthusiastically received. We are glad to see that Mrs. Burleigh has engagements for this lecture at many places in this state and in New England.

— The Terre Haute *Saturday Evening Mail* pertinently says:

If Female Suffrage is wrong, why is it that its opponents do not occupy common ground or advance one single argument in common? If the enemies of woman's enfranchisement will show us one single reasonable argument in favor of their position supported by all, we will think there is more justice and common sense on their side than we credit them with at present.

—Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker has completely upset the domestic arrangements of the whole state of Connecticut. It seems she has recently been engaged in the work of sending into every family in the state a tract entitled "The Legal Disabilities of Married Women," and now the farmers complain bitterly because their dames refuse longer to split the kitchen wood, keep the pigs out of the garden, etc.

—Grace Greenwood lectured on the 11th inst., to the inmates of the Mussachusetts State Prison. The presence and the council of such a woman must have exerted a powerful and healthful influence upon such an audience. It is by such means that our prisons are to be ultimately made what they should be—an instrumentality as well for the reformation as the punishment of criminals.

—Among the strangest of rare laces is a veil given by Nicholas, emperor of Russia, to Mrs. Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut. It is very large, of exquisite design, and so fragile, so ethereal in texture, that when shaken out and cast upon the air, it floats like a thistle down, and it is many minutes before it will settle in a close room, and then a whispered invitation will start it on its aerial travels again.

—A soldier's widow in Providence, in a communication to the Press, protests against the erecting of soldiers' monuments, while the poor widows of the brave men are left with the paltry $96 a year. She thinks the erection of a few good houses for soldiers' widows, and leased at a small rental, would be a nobler monument than any marble shaft. She says that she can read her husband's name on the monument; but that does not pay her rent nor procure her food or clothing.

—*Harper's Bazar* of last week contains a picture of the new king and queen of Spain, which is principally noticeable on account of the extreme simplicity with which the juvenile-looking queen is dressed. Her hair is worn short. There is not an ornament or jewel at the throat or in her ears. Our Fifth Avenue belles would consider her totally devoid of style. There must be some fun in being a queen, after all, if one is allowed to dress in this comfortable, unpretentious manner.

—Lieut.-Gov. Cumback, of Indiana, is of the right stamp. Miss Amanda Way recently presented a petition for women suffrage to both Houses of the State Legislature, assembled in joint convention, and, in adjourning, Lieut.-Gov. Cumback said:

"As for myself, I beg leave to express the opinion that the demand so ably presented in this memorial is just, and in regard to the propriety of granting the same, I have no doubt; and while my relation to the Legislature does not ordinarily allow me the right to vote, yet if the Senate of Indiana be equally divided on this question, it will then afford me great pleasure to cast my vote in favor of the rights of women." [Great applause.]

—Juliet Porter tells us about a wealthy New England lady who has made a single institution of her parlor and kitchen. She will have no servants in her house who are not intelligent and refined. When her maid servants have finished their work for the day, they put on their pretty clothes and go into the parlor to entertain and be entertained. They sit at the same table with their mistress, and are treated in every respect as her equal. If this example could be generally followed, thousands of educated girls would accept domestic situations.

—Mr. Johnson recently introduced the following resolution into the Illinois House of Representatives:

Resolved, That the Committee on Judiciary be, and is hereby, instructed to revise and bring into one act, all the laws now in force in this state, pertaining to the rights of married women to have and control their own real and personal property, and individual earnings, alter and amend the same as may be deemed just, right, proper, and necessary, and report by bill at as early a day as practicable.

—Mr. Powell, of the *National Standard* has been visiting Swarthmore College, a Quaker institution near Philadelphia, where the experiment of the co-education of the sexes is being carried out. He says:

The Management is vested in a Board, composed equally of men and women Friends. Last year, in some business transactions, wherein the services of an attorney were required, it was discovered, to the surprise of all, that the laws of Pennsylvania would not permit *women* to act in such capacity, and that legally their Board was but half full! The women who had been from the beginning active, and very efficient members, in the eye of the law, counted for nothing! Instead of dropping the women out of the Board, however, a request was sent straightway to Harrisburg, asking that the law be so changed as that they might retain their official places, and it was so changed! But we believe the law still makes the exception only in favor of *Quaker* women. Why should it not be made to include all?

—Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, who sailed for Europe last spring, spent the summer at Nurnberg, making drawings of the fine old buildings and places of interest about the city. Several of her drawings have been received in this city, and will be exhibited at the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Among the views are sombre old "Sternhof on the Neuen Thor;" the more sparkling "Waarenhof," up the narrow street behind the "Rath-haus;" the "Pegnitz Brucke," and the "Schiessgraben," with its quaint surrounding. The drawings are decidedly in advance of any of her previous works. Mrs. Greatorex is at present in Munich.

—We rejoice to see that New Jersey is at last waking up. A Trenton correspondent of the *Evening Post* says:

Several bills looking to the granting of more privileges to the female sex have been introduced. One of them provides that any will made by a married woman above the age of twenty-one years, made and executed in the same manner as now required by law, shall be as valid as if she had been single. Another provides that hereafter the binding by indenture of a child shall not be lawful without the consent of the mother, if living, signified by her signing and sealing the papers of indenture. Still a third bill provides that the appointment of a testamentary guardian shall not be lawful unless the mother, if living, give her consent.

—In a recent number of the *Present Age*, published at Chicago, Mrs. Harriet S. Brooks gives an account of the Cook County Woman Suffrage Association. The society proposes to establish a literary club for the general improvement of members. The topics treated of are not to be wholly confined to suffrage, but to embrace all such as will conduce to culture and enjoyment. We are glad to see this active, wide-awake western society following so closely in the steps of our Providen e friends. Nothing can help our cause so materially as a broad mental growth among women.

—We clip the following discreet paragraph on suffrage from the Message of the Governor of Kansas:

I have never been able to perceive the necessity for, nor justice of, excluding from the suffrage good citizens of mature judgment and patriotic purposes, simply because they were not "white males." A part of this peculiar qualification has been dispensed with lately, and I think the other soon will be, without arousing much political rancor. But let us not forget that the best reforms are sometimes injudiciously advocated, as well as thoughtlessly opposed. Reform in this matter is no longer regarded as a dangerous innovation, and the principal argument against it is the alleged disinclination of the disfranchised to exercise the right of suffrage.

Our Mail Bag.

PICTURES OF AN ENGLISH GARRISON TOWN.

WOOLWICH, Dec. 30th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

When I met Mrs. Bullard at my friend Miss Faithfull's she did me the honor of asking me to write occasionally for your journal. I do so the more willingly in order that I may be able to express my admiration for the bold and courageous manner in which THE REVOLUTION has grasped the subject I have to write about.

There seems to me no virtue which meets with so immediate a reward as courage. After the first start back of surprise at an unheard-of and original action has passed—(and originality is the essence of true courage)—all men rush forward to do honor to the actor.

In one way amongst others I hope THE REVOLUTION will be rewarded for its courage, and that is, by a generous and general response to the most amusing variety of appeals which it makes in order to increase the number of its subscribers. I beg to have my name added to that list. My subscription I have paid in to the Victoria Press, as a contribution to the letter press of the magazine.

Perhaps some account of what I observe while at the work I am at present engaged in may be acceptable to your readers. A few weeks ago I was asked by the Committee of the National Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts to take up my abode for a time at Woolwich, to look into the working of the Acts there. The request was coupled with a remark from one of the gentlemen of the committee, who was well acquainted with Woolwich, that the state of the place, morally, was so low and filthy it was not fit or safe for a *man* to work in it; therefore a *lady* had better go there!

Though the recommendation sounded peculiar, it had in it a very good foundation in reason, both why a man should not, and why a woman should, undertake the unenviable post. I will not stop to investigate the reasons on the man's side, and but one on the woman's. That one, which, to my mind, strikes the key-note to all women's work—that note which, when listened to, shall gradually melt discord into harmony. Women are the moral regenerators of the world, and as such must shrink from no path, however low and filthy, through which they may have to walk in order to accomplish this regeneration.

Physically we have had all the dirty work of the world to do—washing, scouring, scrubbing, dusting—in a word, keeping all our external surroundings pure and in good order. Now we have the morally dirty work of the world before us. But as the woman, from keeping the house clean and in good order, has come to rule the house, so in keeping the heart and life pure and in harmony, she shall come to take her proper share in the rule both of heart and life.

I have not half said my say on this point; but as THE REVOLUTION is a lively paper, and doubtless cares little for sermonizing, I shall reserve the other half of my heavy dose until next time, and proceed to details which may prove more interesting.

My first impression on walking through the Woolwich streets was, how quiet and orderly they were. None of the troops of coarse, loose-looking, loud-talking, bonnetless and hatless women, met me, as in Plymouth; nor could I distinguish by dress or manners the bad from the respectable women. Not that there could be any lack of the former. Turning down into some narrow back street, loud peals of tipsy laughter, from men and women, greeted my ears, the sound unmistakably proclaiming the character of the houses from whence they came, and of the inmates.

A soldier's face, bloated and heated, looked out at me from the upturned corner of a dirty blind. In hot, reeking dens like these English soldiers and English women meet for their authorized mutual destruction; and to afford facilities for this mutual destruction is the *economy* of the English government!

Two girls, in one of these streets, I followed and spoke to. Part of the conversation between them I copy from my journal:

"I suppose you don't like going up for examination?" "Well, we are forced to like it."

"The doctor, then, is kind to you, and does not treat you badly?" "No, he is a very nice gentleman."

"There is no Lock Hospital here, is there?" "No; when we are bad we are sent up to London."

"Do they send you back again after coming out of hospital?" "Yes, they pay our fare back again."

"Are there fewer or more girls here than there used to be?" "Oh, more a great deal; they are coming into the town fresh every day."

"Then the girls don't mind the examination?" "No, I don't hear any of them complain; we didn't like it at first, but we've all got used to it now."

The truth as to the increase in the number of these girls has been confirmed to me by some of the respectable inhabitants.* So, though the streets are quiet, and vice is made decent and thrust out of sight, and though the officials here are carrying out the act in a most exceptionally careful manner, there are sure signs that the moral disease is growing and spreading. Yet the majority of the inhabitants of the town, unawakened to the knowledge of this fact, congratulate themselves that the acts are working well, because they see less outward manifestation of vice.

It may be prejudice, but I think I never before passed in the street such a crowd of vile faces, both of men and women. Since the conversation before given I have not had courage enough, or rather hope enough, to induce me to address another of these poor wretched women The women at Plymouth were as low-looking, and much more untidy and dirty, but they did not give me the repellent feeling these women do; they make my blood creep. I look in their faces as I pass, and feel as if there was nothing in their hearts I could touch, nothing we could join sympathy in as fellow creatures. Still it may only be imagination, and when I speak more to them they may perhaps show a human and a woman's nature.

But by what right, or rather by what cruel wrong, have men brought thousands of our sex to almost irreclaimable perdition? And men call themselves our protectors! To whom then shall they account, to God or man, for causing or allowing this hopeless ruin?

Monday, the day on which Christmas day was kept, I went again into the town, at between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Outside, the beautiful snow lay still and soft, like a girdle of purity round the town. Inside, trodden down into soft, slippery, black mud. It was a sickening sight, nearly every man I met drunk or getting drunk. Streets filled principally with men, few women, no respectable ones but those of the very poorest class to be seen; the streets a sort of out-of-door beer shop. Some few groups of town women waited shivering outside the public houses, not, however, taken much notice of by the men. These latter take their first gross pleasure amongst themselves; the *Women* would not be wanted until later, when the *males* had become in a more filthy state of intoxication.

"Dreadfully coarse this," says some refined reader. Yes, so it is; but it tells of a coarse fact about "wine and women" that must be spoken, and is applicable to more than *one* class.

As I turned to leave the sickening sights of the streets, a boy of between fourteen and fifteen, so tipsy he could hardly stand, came along, dragging by the collar a little goat; at about every twenty yards he fell and rolled in the dirt, while a crowd of men and boys collected to enjoy the sight; then he struggled up again, still keeping tight hold of his goat, as if the only idea his mind could contain was to keep his grasp on that quiet little animal, so much less a beast than himself and the crowd who surrounded him.

Then I passed a church, and as I passed out rang its bells with a noisy, joyful peal. Did they ring for joy over that filthy scene I had just left, or because a Saviour is born? If so, where is he?

Drawing further out of the town, I passed a house where the inmates were singing part music. I blessed them for the sound. The clang of the senseless, soulless bell had grated upon me, but the human voices sweetly blended in harmony seemed an earnest of better and lovelier things to come; and as I walked on I thanked God and took courage.

Very truly yours, E. M. KING.

* Since finishing my letter I have seen the City Missionary here, whose work lies chiefly amongst the women of the town. He told me the number of these women had undoubtedly increased, and that their further degradation of character was also undoubted. The girls have boasted to him of not being like the "common London girls!" They were under the protection of government! And they declared they as much belonged to the government as the soldiers. So Americans can now learn that the British army is composed of men and officers and prostitutes. Surely now our "national defences" must be invincible!

DOWN AMONG THE ORANGE GROVES.

FERNANDINA, Fla., January 10th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I am sojourning for the present at Fernandina, Fla., and would like my REVOLUTION, which is now sent to Vineland, N. J., mailed to this place.

We are about to start schools here for both children and adults, and are constantly saluted with the question, "When will school begin?"

My friend, Mr. Oliver Taylor, who came here something over a year ago, shows a very commendable zeal in providing for the education of the blacks. He has fitted up a room for their temporary accommodation, and hopes by another year to erect, at his own expense, a school-house that shall be more attractive to

them than any other place. The laboring people are much interested in having an evening school for their accommodation, for which they express a willingness to pay. I embrace every opportunity of talking to them of the equality of men and women, impressing it on the minds of the men that they must start aright in their life of freedom, by giving their wives an equal chance with themselves that they may be helps to one another.

One of the first items of attraction that greeted my ears here was that the new plank road across the marsh connecting *old* with *new* town by a shorter and easier route was due to the executive ability of a woman.

A few days after our arrival we had the pleasure of a call from the new Senator of this district, Liberty Billings. He is a union man of liberal ideas, and, I presume, favors the XVIth Amendment, although I did not ask him the question direct. He came South as Chaplain during the war, and afterward took an active part under Col. T. W. Higginson, I think, and was himself Colonel of a regiment. Business has kept him here since the close of the war; but he expressed a strong desire to get among the Free-thinkers of the North, and hoped some time to go to Vineland. I gave him some copies of THE REVOLUTION and *Woman's Journal*, and expected to have another talk with him before he left for Tallahassee; but he was very busy, and did not get around. He, however, sent me a copy of the Savannah *Morning News* of December 8th, with the word that it contained a rich article for me. I will enclose the article, which will explain itself, if you substitute my name for that of Dr. Walker.

I have sent "the latest sensation" man some copies of THE REVOLUTION, and a letter telling him I freely forgive him the serving me up to his readers, in consideration of his bringing before them the idea of having Mrs. Stanton for President in 1876. He drew the remark from me by saying if women had the right of suffrage they would be wanting to hold office. He also said they would have to leave their domestic affairs to learn politics. Here we "modestly" asked how long it would take to prepare them to vote as intelligently as the masses of men who now vote. He only replied, "That is a poser." So I suppose that was firing "hot shot." I suggest the sending of a REVOLUTION into his sanctum occasionally.

I was much surprised the other day at a little incident in a book store, where I was looking for school books. I noticed in the showcase two books entitled, "The Subjugation of Women—Mill," and asked to look at one. The man handed it out, good-naturedly remarking, "You don't believe in that!" I explained to him that the author was a strong friend of woman, and his book was in opposition to her subjugation, adding that I did not suppose there was much call for such books here. "Well, that is so," he said. "They have been here a long time. I promised to try and make sale for his books by exciting an interest in the subject, which of course pleased him." His little ones called from an adjoining room for a good-night kiss from papa, which strengthened my good impression of the man as I left the store.

We had "right cool" weather here, as the Southerners say, at Christmas. The mercury fell to twelve or fourteen below freezing, doing greater damage to oleander and orange trees than they had received for twenty years in this vicinity. But my letter is growing long, and I will close, hoping, as I become acquainted with the people, to find other items of interest to your readers.

Yours, for the growth of humanity,
SUSAN P. FOWLER.

FACTS FROM REAL LIFE.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

During the past summer I met in Wisconsin an intelligent, refined, and lovely woman, who introduced me to her four beautiful daughters—the eldest, twenty-one; the youngest nearly sixteen. They inherited from father and mother clear and logical minds, and superior executive ability, and these four splendidly endowed girls, were literally "thrashing their wings," as their mother expressed it, for want of something to do. The eldest said, with tears in her eyes, "it does seem hard that four able-bodied women should be dependent on the exertions of one man for support. We would willingly share the burdens of our father; *but what can we do?*" These girls have an earnest desire for active business life. They are too refined to accept the idea that marriage is their only hope and aim in life, their only way of making sure of an honorable support. Had they lived twenty years ago they might have been contented and quiet in their position, which is one of ease and comfort, their father being an eminent lawyer; but now, with consciences enlightened and minds informed as to their position, they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that their God-given powers are cramped by the conventionalities of society; the gates of the avenues to wealth and distinction, or at least to an honorable independence, which stand wide open to the lowest *man* on earth, are literally shut in their faces.

Must I say to these young girls, "you must be quiet till you get the ballot?" No, indeed! I say to them, use all your influence to make others see as you do in this matter, and thus help to hasten on the glorious day when all shall be free to follow their own tastes and inclination in the matter of honest labor.

A lady in a neighboring city, not long ago, told me something of her experience, which I think is not an uncommon one. Said she: "We began life poor, my husband and I; till the breaking out of the war we struggled along together, I helping him earn a living to the best of my ability. Then came a sudden change, and we woke one morning to find ourselves *rich*. But there came no great change for me, except so far as our surroundings of house and furniture were concerned. I have often wished for an allowance that I might dispense my own charities, and cultivate my own tastes; but my husband shows no inclination to grant my wish, and I am obliged, still, to ask him for every cent I have. I always know the question, "How much do you want?" is sure to follow any request of the kind. My reply usually is, "I think I can *get along* with twenty-five or fifty dollars," as the case may be.

"Now, why" said she, "does he not hand me one hundred, or two hundred, or five hundred dollars. He knows I would be as economical, and more so than he would, in the expenditure of such a sum; and why" said she, "have I not the same right to cultivate my taste that he has? He walked down the street the other day and saw a fine picture; he went in and purchased it at a cost of thirteeen hundred dollars. Now if in passing the same art gallery, I should see a beautiful bronze or marble which pleases me as much as the picture did him, I should not feel at liberty to go in and order it home. No! I wait till after supper, and then say, 'Charles, I've seen a lovely thing to-day. I want you to go in and see how you like it to-morrow.' When he comes to dinner next day I eagerly inquire, 'What did you think of that Cupid and Psyche?' and to my dismay I hear, 'Oh, I did not like it at all; I never could *bear* those things! I should not want it in the house, and then it *costs* a hundred and fifty dollars!'" And this is a man who would be shocked to be told he was anything but a kind and loving husband, and one who does everything he can to make his wife happy.

Truly yours, A. D.

THE MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 24, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

This morning, notwithstanding the inclement weather, the Woman's Suffrage Association held their first session at Masonic Temple, opening at half-past ten; and although the members were few, the spirit and interest manifested compensated fully for the otherwise cheerless aspect of the Temple. A number of prominent members of different associations were present, and, as usual, cheered and encouraged those who are in the van of this movement, and so often feel faint and weary. The afternoon and evening sessions were fully attended, and in numbers and spirit in discussion, energy, and critical notice of all movements, kind tone of feeling pervading all sides, seem to me a favorable omen of the future, when all sides shall be united; and it is a great work for woman to show leniency to others, to indulge in criticisms at once searching and kindly, without which they cannot guide others. Everywhere the air seems full of notes of tri-umph. The day draws near, which will see the "laurels" placed upon the heads of those noble champions who have fought so long and bravely. May they have strength to do their duty to the end.

MARION.

A GOOD IDEA.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

On Saturday, January 22, I lectured on "Woman's Sphere," before the boarders at the "Workingwomen's Home," 45 Elizabeth street, in this city. Afterward I asked the ladies to hold an election on the question of the Sixteenth Amendment, explaining that the latter's purpose was not to force any woman to vote, but to leave her free to manage her own affairs, and free to choose for herself whether she will vote or not, and requesting that no lady would consult any one, or let any one know how she voted. Three women acted as Inspectors of Election. Seventy-nine votes were cast, of which *sixty-seven* were for striking out the word "male," nine against and three blank.

It would be well for the friends of the cause everywhere to take this course and forward the result to THE REVOLUTION. By this mode the real feeling of women can be learned, and once expressed in this way, it will be well-nigh irresistible.

Yours truly, J. K. H. WILCOX.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1871.

TWO NATIONS DISCUSSING ONE QUESTION.

We do not mean France and Prussia, who, with sword and famine, are discussing the question of national pre eminence in Europe.

We mean England and America—two nations whose leading minds are at this moment engaged, not noisily but quietly, not controversially but philosophically, discussing the great question of woman's just political status in human government, whether that government be a constitutional monarchy or a democratic republic.

Before leaving home we had little idea of the extent to which we should find our British cousins warming themselves at the fire of the same political problem which we left behind us glowing like a coal in our own land.

From observations which we have been able to make on both sides of the sea, touching the progress of woman's enfranchisement, we are at a loss to say whether England or America is thus far ahead in this eager race toward the goal of justice.

Our readers know that in our own country almost every newspaper has something to say for or against woman's rights; every week some convention is held to discuss the subject; publications exclusively devoted to this reform are appearing in all parts of the country; and the ears of our whole people are now ringing with what Thomas Benton called "the ding dong of agitation."

The same is true in England. The great question is in everybody's mouth. Go where one will, one hears it discussed in some form or other. It fills the air like an English fog. It is *in* Parliament and *out* of it. It is talked about in railway cars and at tea-parties. Like all other reforms, it has its faithful band of friends, and its many legions of enemies. As in one country, so in the other, it is compelling the popular attention. It has the floor; it is in order; it cannot be ruled out; and it must be heard.

Here, for instance, lying on our table as we are writing in an English hotel, is a pile of English pamphlets discussing what seems to be an exclusively English question. But in reality these pamphlets, by English thinkers and for English readers, are only a different embodiment of our American question. It is the same reform in both countries. It is the common demand of all English and of all American women for their rightful citizenship in the body politic into which they were born.

Here is Mr. Sheldon Amos on "The Present State of the Contagious Diseases Act Controversy"—a pamphlet written for the Social Science Congress at Newcastle in September last; here is Mr. John Stuart Mill, with his elaborate protest against that act, and his unanswerable argument on the subject; here is the speech of Mr. William Fowler, member of Parliament, re-echoing Mr. Mill; here is the added voice of Mr. Jacob Bright, whose address is re-uttering itself daily in a cheap edition for popular circulation; here is "An English Mother's Appeal to the People of England on the Recognition and Superintendence of Prostitution by Governments;" here are "Justina's Letters" on the same subject and here, too, is the sullen rumbling of the *Thunderer* itself—the *Times*, which is always behind the times—the great journal which has no soul—"the noblest, meanest" of all newspaper kind.

Now what means all this present intellectual activity over a question which, a few years ago, excited neither in England or America any other attention than a satirical smile.

It means that two nations are on the eve of the greatest political changes known to the government of either; it means the introduction of a new and beneficent element into civil and national affairs; it means the infusion of a higher moral element into what Montaigne called "the spirit of the laws;" it means the simultaneous enfranchisement of the women of the two chief nations of the earth

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The *Nation* complains that the tendency of the woman's rights movement is to discourage "productive industry," and to induce women who have themselves to support to crowd into towns in search of a "shabby genteel" living. The suffragists, says the writer, "exhort women to become brokers, lawyers, ministers, lecturers, editors, doctors and professors as not only the best means of asserting their outward equality, but of demonstrating the great capacity of the female mind."

It is true that the advocates of woman's rights do advise women to engage in these callings named, if their tastes and talents incline them to do so; but it is not true that they discourage women from turning their attention to any kind of productive industry, or that they treat "housekeeping, including cooking, dusting, sweeping, dressmaking, washing and baby-tending, with undisguised scorn."

The whole tendency of the woman movement is to make work of every kind honorable. It aims to give the idle, listless, unemployed minds something to do, to stir stagnating lives, to put a healthy pulse into the morbid and craving natures of multitudes of women. Indirectly, its aim is to give dignity to work. Who, we ask, is it that has thrown contempt on labor and the laborer? Not the strong-minded woman, but the fine lady, the elegant do-nothing, who has a wholesome horror of progressive ideas, and has set her inefficiency and helplessness above the woman who works ever so diligently with brain or hands.

Harriet Beecher Stowe says:

"A woman belonging to the upper classes, who undertakes to get wealth by honest exertion and independent industry, loses caste, and is condemned by a thousand voices as an oddity and a deranged person."

How is it with the middle classes?

The reason that girls of some degree of refinement and culture cannot and will not go out to service in families is because their self-respect would be wounded many times each day—not by the strong-minded woman, but by the fine lady mistress who detests strong-minded principles. American girls prefer to waste their lives in the stifling air of mills and factories, or grow consumptive over the needle in garrets, rather than submit to the humiliations, the loss of caste which the acceptance of such positions involves.

Mrs. Mary Jane Owens is an advocate of the woman cause, and her efforts are principally directed toward elevating domestic labor—towards making women believe that it is honorable, good and worthy. If ever housework is exalted—if ever the pristine honor is restored, which Penelope and Lucretia shed about such employments, it will be due to the efforts of the progressive women of this day.

The *Nation* complains that young men and women object to the hard toil of farming, and crowd into cities to find some easier mode of life. Surely, this evil—if evil it can be called—is not due to the woman movement. It began long before the inception of our reform. It will, we apprehend, do very little good for the philosophers of the *Nation* and the *Tribune* to fulminate against it. Horace Greeley has for years been preaching to young men, and exhorting them to go out to hard work on farms; but these same young men are much more affected by Mr. Greeley's example than by his words. They remember that he came to the city a poor boy, and worked his way up to honor, influence and power; and thus his life has furnished a lure to the very course he condemns.

So it is with girls. If the country is dull and lonesome, and the town gay and attractive; if work on a farm is no easier than work in a shop, and the chances for enjoyment are many less, much as we may deplore the tendency which crowds our cities with working women, we believe that preaching directly against it will be of little avail. Social needs, mechanical appliances, co-operative schemes, all have a bearing upon this subject, and more will be accomplished by indirect than by direct assaults.

No sensible person attempts to deny that some women speak and write and agitate who might perhaps better let these things alone. Unfortunately, the same can be said of the other sex. There is a Count Joannes, a great American traveller, and a few other characters, who might be suppressed for the benefit of the public, did not free speech and a free press offer obstacles.

It so happens that men will obstinately follow such occupations as they best like, in spite of all the scolding and protesting of those who consider themselves far wiser and better able to judge what is for their good than they themselves are. We should like to know if any valid reason can be offered why women should not be allowed to do the same? If a foolish woman writes or prates foolishly, the public can refuse to read or listen, as in the case of a man. It is false that woman's rights people advise the majority of the sex to rush into public life.

All they ask is a free field. Those who are marked for failure will find it out, ere long, and will fall back to the places inexorably assigned them by nature. It would be interesting to know how many married

men who have come before the public within these few years past have shiftless, incompetent, or invalid husbands to support, and how many have families depending upon their efforts for a livelihood. We could then judge better of the number that seek notoriety and self-display for their own sake.

We claim that single women have the most undoubted right to follow all such honest and paying occupations as they may choose to engage in. A mother's first duty is to her children. Nobody wishes to dispute that. The creation of a true home is the most beautiful and gracious work that can come to a woman's hands. Housework is good and honorable; but women should rule it and not be ruled by it as is too often the case. All work is ennobling. Idleness is as bad for women as for men. It is incumbent on every woman to enlarge her mind and improve her powers to the utmost of her opportunities. Culture and training will tell on every thing she does even to the washing and turning of a dish. A woman's sphere is no prescribed and rigidly defined station. It is the place that each woman's affections, talents, and tastes make for themselves. These are among the best defined articles of the new creed.

RECEPTION OF THE LADIES ART ASSOCIATION.

The lady artists gave their second reception for the season on the 28th of January, in their cozy room at the top of Clinton Hall. Although the air was thick with flying snowflakes the ladies and their friends showed a commendable degree of pluck in turning out, and the attendance was excellent.

Not so many noticeable pictures were displayed on this occasion as on the former one, of which we gave a report; but it is altogether too much to expect that our handful of female workers with brush and pencil can by the utmost assiduity give two or three striking exhibitions in a single season. Our male artists, who number hundreds where the women can be counted by tens, often fail to produce two respectable exhibitions a year; and the works of the ladies must be judged more as indications of what they yet may do than actual achievements of any considerable value. We should like to see them concentrating their efforts on a yearly exhibition, at which only the best finished works of which they are capable of producing would be shown. Too much exhibiting must of necessity involve hasty work in the effort to have something fresh and original for each occasion.

Mrs. H. P. Gray, the president of the association, had on view a cabinet portrait representing the fresh face of a young girl. Directly under it, ocupying the place of honor, was what we must consider the worst picture of the collection, "Staubach Falls, Switzerland," by A. F. Oakes, because of its vast size, unrelieved by any thing which can give excuse for such a waste of canvass. It is a pity the ladies had not something better to place as the head and front, not of their offending, but of their exhibition.

Miss Mary Kollock is one of the most enterprising and energetic of all our young women artists. She offered two works which were, at least, new to us. One of them, "Sunset on the Juniatta," shows a pleasing though conventional treatment, with a red glow suffusing earth and air. The other, called, "On the Eno," is much more vigorous. Although the foreground is spotty and somewhat crude, there is a fine sky with a feeling of depth and reality which takes one into the picture beyond the mere surface of paint.

A work exhibited by Miss Carrie Perry called "View near Saratoga," gives signs of excellent artistic promise. It represents an inland scene, unmarked by any considerable water course, but the eye is relieved of a sense of monotony in spite of the fine gradations of light and shade. Through a vaporous sky the sun is darting down its broken rays. The foreground appears to us marred by a glare of yellow light. It would bear toning down and strengthening in some of its parts.

"Lake Skaneatales," by Mary F. Willits, shows careful work. The hills in the distance strike the eye as hard and cutting, but the elms of the foreground are nicely painted.

Mrs. Culver was represented by a mountain ravine, showing the interlaced branches of forest trees, patches of sunshine, and the foam and spray of a slight water-fall. Mrs. Loop exhibited two portraits of a lady and child; Mrs. Remmington, an old mill, in Oneida county; Mrs. Wheeler, wild flowers and autumn leaves; Miss Fitz, a "lunch," consisting of a loaf of bread and a bottle of porter; Miss Margaret Willets, a crayon portrait of a colored girl called the "Morning Star." There were also sketches and studies by the Misses Field, Mary Cook, Mrs. Freeman, and others, whose works our space does not allow us to mention in detail.

This brave little association ought to receive all possible encouragement, and our rich men and women could do few better things than to drop into these exhibitions and buy an occasional picture. They would not be obliged to pay their hundreds or thousands for great names; and doubtless they would secure for their walls canvases quite as enjoyable as many with magic initials in the corner.

OUT OF HIS SPHERE.

The *Sunday World* says:

The *Revolution* is terribly troubled about women's rights on the ferryboats. The remedy is very simple. Let those ladies who fail to get seats stand still for about three minutes, when they will be landed on the other side.

This is an easy and ingenious solution of the whole matter. It is strange nobody ever thought of it before; but we would mildly suggest that sometimes the boats are delayed in fogs, or when the river is crammed with ice, and three minutes are elongated into half an hour.

However, three minutes are quite long enough to show what a man is made of. If he will unhesitatingly crowd a woman out of her own appointed place for that length of time, what would not he do if more ample leisure waited upon him. Three minutes give plenty of opportunity for the display of ingrained boorishness, and furnish multitudes of women with food for indignant reflections.

We hear an amount of talk that is positively sickening about woman out of her sphere, woman unsexing herself. There is not an instance on record, however, of a woman so completely out of her sphere as a man is out of his when he hustles a poor sewing-girl aside, and drops down into her seat in the ladies' cabin of the ferryboat. At such a moment he does not resemble a woman by any means, but a sort of Calaban—not in the least a "sweet monster" All manliness certainly, departs from him; all sense of justice and right disappear in the eyes of the other sex. If he could see what a pitiful figure he cuts he would sneak out and get over to his own place, the men's side, as quickly as possible.

Man in woman's sphere is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. It shows that the masculine half of the race are losing one of the distinguishing qualities of manhood, the power to stand on their legs; but anybody who crosses the Fulton ferry each day can witness this melancholy spectacle many times repeated.

DIVERSIONS FOR WORKING WOMEN.

We should be glad to see institutions similar to "Boffin's Bower" in Boston, established for the benefit of the working girls in all our larger cities and towns.

Not long since, a programme of a single evening's entertainment, at Miss Collins' admirable institutions, came into our hands and we were struck with the excellent variety of readings, recitations, tableaux, etc., offered at a merely nominal admission fee. Our working women need wholesome and innocent amusements as much as they need good and cheap homes. We hope the time will come in other cities as it already has in Boston, when two or three women can walk quietly and modestly through the streets, at night on their way to and from lectures and concerts without subjecting themselves to insults from male prowlers.

Many of our working women have only the evening hours in which to take exercise, and the fact that our streets are unsafe to quiet passengers because of evil minded men, tells to a certain extent upon their health. The customs of society, as well as the high price of admission, shut them out from many places of amusement. We should like to see rational diversion offered them in a place they would not be afraid to frequent without a male escort.

If Mr. Peter Cooper establishes a free lending library, which he is said to have in contemplation, many a poor girl, too poor to subscribe to the cheapest of our circulating libraries, will find means at hand to feed the cravings of her mind for knowledge which are now deplorably wanting in this great city. The Astor Library is an exclusive class institution. It opens too late and closes too early to avail anything to those who work for bread.

We should be glad to have good, cheap concerts given in the evening for the benefit of those who can never attend such places during the day, similar to the excellent afternoon performances which have been so eminently successful at Association Hall, in New York, and the Tabernacle in Brooklyn, during two seasons past. From our observation the majority of the people who attend those concerts could as easily pay a dollar admission as twenty-five cents. The shop-girl and the seamstress cannot take an afternoon for diversion because it would scant the bread and fuel needed at home.

The Bethel, attached to Mr. Beecher's church, does something, we believe, towards providing cheap courses of lectures and sensible diversions for the laboring classes of Brooklyn. This is well; but we want more of these places, especially such as young girls can resort to safely and with profit.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

The annual meeting of the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Farwell Hall, in Chicago, on Wednesday and Thursday, February 8 and 9, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of effecting a more perfect organization throughout the State, and taking measures to have the claims of women to equal civil and polical rights with men properly presented to the General Assembly now in session.

The following distinguished speakers from abroad have been invited, and are expected to address the convention: Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Isabella Beecher Hooker, M. Adelia Hazlett, Lilly Peckham, Miriam M. Cole, A. J. Boyer, Henry B. Blackwell, Parker Pillsbury, G. B. Stebbins, Phœbe Cozzens, and others.

All persons are urgently invited to be present, and friends of the cause throughout the State are particularly requested to take part in the deliberations of the convention.

The people of Illinois will have an opportunity of hearing, at this convention, some of the ablest and most eloquent advocates of woman suffrage in the nation.

By order of the Executive Committee of the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association.

JAMES B. BRADWELL, President.
MYRA BRADWELL, Sec.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker writes an earnest letter to the *Independent*, in which she describes the methods by which the National Committee, at Washington, propose to "carry the war into Africa."

She says:

It is understood that Gen. Butler is earnest in his determination to bring the discussion into the House very soon, by a minority report, in case the majority of his committee report adversely. Should this gentleman hit upon the "open sesame" by which women, as well as slaves, shall enter upon their political duties, it were almost too much good fortune for one man, according to my view of the case; but, whosoever shall take this load of battle off our hands will earn for himself the undying gratitude of his country-women.

The question now agitating Washington, she asserts is this: "Are not women already enfranchised under the Constitution and amendments?" and the number of members and outsiders who have declared themselves unable to answer the argument is astonishingly great. A distinguished senator said to one of our number that at a recent congressional dinner-party, where the subject was under discussion, some fifteen members were asked, each in turn, what answer he could make to this argument; and all replied they had nothing to offer."

We trust our legislators will qualify themselves, ere long, to give an intelligent and satisfactory answer, to this very important question, and although we cannot yet lay the flattering unction to our soul, that the reply will be all our most advanced leaders are devoutly wishing for, we still feel that the agitation of the subject may do immense good for our cause, and smooth the way for a speedy triumph. It is the entering wedge of truth, the first real step, which costs so dear, and makes all that is to come a mere question of time.

We share the conviction of Mrs. Hooker when she says:

We cannot venture to predict precisely when or how we shall be enfranchised; but that the day is at hand, and much nearer than we have ever before dared to hope, seems impressed upon all.

Mr. Arnell has generously offered the use of the room belonging to the Committee on Labor and Education, to the ladies of the National Woman Suffrage Committee. The plan is to keep this room open several hours each day, during the present session of congress, for conference, etc. The tracts and documents of the committee will be kept there and a New Declaration of Independence which has been put forth and which reads as follows:

"We, the undersigned, believing that the sacred rights and privileges of citizenship in this Republic have been long guaranteed to us by the original Constitution of the United States, and that these are now made manifest in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, so that we can no longer refuse the solemn responsibilities thereof, do hereby pledge ourselves to accept the duties of the franchise in our several states so soon as all legal restrictions are removed.

"And, believing that character is the best safeguard of national liberty, we pledge ourselves to make the personal purity and integrity of candidates for public office the *first* test of fitness.

"And, lastly, believing in God as the Supreme Author of the first American Declaration of Independence, we pledge ourselves in the spirit of that memorable act to work hand in hand with our fathers, husbands, and sons for the maintainance of those equal rights on which our Republic was originally founded, to the end that it may have what is declared to be the first condition of just government, *the consent of the governed*."

The above is to stand on the title page of a folio volume designed to contain the autograph signatures of all the women in the land, who propose to exercise their right of franchise, so soon as their legal disabilities are removed. Each person is to write her name on a narrow slip of paper, the width of foolscap and an inch and a half in length (that is, nearly eight inches by one and a half)—writing her own Christian name in full, with such initials as she pleases on the upper line, and the name of her town and state in full on the lower line—and then send this slip in a postpaid envelope to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C. These will all be immediately put into the book as original signatures.

Another object the committee have in view, is the monthly distribution of tracts on political subjects, about which women ought to inform themselves.

The committee having in charge the whole business of organization, printing, raising and disbursing funds, are:

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Hartford, Conn., President.

Mrs. Josephine L. Griffing, Washington, D. C., Secretary.

Mrs. Mary B. Bowen, Washington, D. C., Treasurer.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.

We earnestly second the invitation Mrs. Hooker gives the friends of the cause, to each send her one dollar, to forward the good work. We hope the readers of The Revolution will see in this an easy and practical method of helping the cause along.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PERIOD.

It is a common saying that at a certain point the devil deserts his allies; and we are every now and then startled into the remembrance of it by some extravagant and needless piece of wickedness for which the sane mind can find no reasonable explanation.

Calvin R. Cross, of this city, can truthfully be called the wickedest bigamist on record. Not many weeks ago he drove to church, from the presence of his wife and children, in broad daylight, and deliberately, without the slightest effort at concealment, married an innocent, unsuspecting girl, whose name, Luckey, sounds like a sad jest upon her fate. Of course the exposure which followed was inevitable, and we now hear that the base, black-hearted scoundrel has fled to parts unknown; that the girl he so cruelly duped has gone crazy, and that his miserable wife and child are left utterly penniless.

It suffices to say that the man, whose name and deeds so effectually crossed the lives of those poor women, had been living for some years far beyond his means. A man capable of such double-dyed villainy could have had no fair record of the past. Had any one taken the pains to look it up, many suspicious signs would at once have been discovered. No man can wholly cover the trail of his baseness, and this one made not the slightest effort at concealment. There was gross and unpardonable negligence somewhere. That a sharper and villain, flaunting his villainy in the eyes of the world, could so easily dupe the friends of the girl he meant to ruin, speaks not so loudly of his adroitness as it points directly to the sinful carelessness of those who ought to have had the interests of that girl most at heart.

This exceptionable case may be taken as a commentary on the fashionable marriage of the period. It has a hasty, made-up look that seems to indicate but slight and superficial acquaintance with one to whom a daughter's honor and happiness were to be entrusted. Are parents to blame for bringing up their daughters with no sense to discern base, designing characters in the men who come nearest to them as lovers? Are they to blame for cultivating and encouraging in their girls only a love of externals, with no thought or care for what lies under the surface? Are they willing to take the possible chances of seeing them stand at the altar with a cheat, a gambler, a blackleg, rather than have them remain unmarried upon their hands? It would seem so from the indecent manner marriages are concocted and hurried through in what is called best society. The bride's satin and lace and orange blossoms may be ever so lovely; the wedding march may sound ever so merrily from the organ pipes; the crush in the pews may be ever so exclusive and aristocratic; but still Mephistopheles may walk by the side of the bride, elegant, well bred, perfect in appearance. There may be no vulgar public exposure of who he is in time to come. Only the wife, with shame and heart-break, shall know the secret. How is it with the worldly father and mother? Would they rather see their daughter married to the fine gentleman, Mephistopheles, than not married at all? Is not this the working out of the old orthodox doctrine that girls were born to marry, must live to marry, must scheme to marry, must barter their purity, their principles, all for marriage—a marriage that looks fair upon the outside, but, like Sodom apples, is only ashes within. Let people learn what it is to marry well and worthily. The conventional notion of a good match is degrading. The old landmarks of principle and honor grow strangely dim as girls con over their worldly lesson. The chief requisite, money, being complied with, it matters not so much whether cheat or debauchee fills up the bill. We believe the harpies who throng our divorce courts are made rich by just such marriages as these. Why do not the clergy and those writers who reprobate easy divorce preach and write against such artificial, base, made-up unions? Having eyes, they see not, and ears, they hear not; and so never probe to the causes, but spend their breath in fulminating against the effects.

THE CHARGE OF THE ONE THOUSAND

The country has recently witnessed the novel sight of one thousand lady petitioners, with the name of a distinguished general's wife at their head, beseeching Congress not to grant the suffrage to women. We do not doubt the honesty of these petitioners. Narrowness and prejudice are very apt to be honest after a somewhat blind and unreasoning fashion. We do not doubt their respectability and social eminence. In fact we are inclined to believe that this very social eminence was one strong cause of the petition. The fact that Mrs. Sherman has been actively engaged in the work of getting signers shows where they belong. They represent, we take it, a power which is always afraid of innovation, which has a mortal antagonism to new ideas, which catches cold and sneezes at the strong drafts of progress and reform.

They have a stake in keeping things exactly as they are, for the world has been very good to them. Everything is pleasant.

"They have fed on the roses and lain in the lillies of life,"

and they as jealously guard their autocracy as does the new-made Kaiser his,or as did the ex-Littleness of France his. They do not want to vote themselves,and so they call upon Congress to keep back the thousands who do.

This is all very noble and magnanimous. The only wonder is that they could do so vulgar a thing as to openly send in their names to our legislative body. It shows a plentiful lack of invention, that they were actually obliged to borrow the weapons of their despised strong-minded sisters to do their little job.

Now we are very glad this petition has been offered, for it shows that the signers have discerned real danger. Female suffrage actually menaces them. The horns have thrice sounded around the walls of their Jericho; they are tottering to their fall, and the dauntless one thousand charge upon the assailants. This looks very much like the beginning of the end of our long and arduous struggle. Mrs. Sherman leads a forlorn hope, and her daring has the aspect of despair. The last stage of the Sherman brigade will, we apprehend, be worse than the first. Feathers and flounces must suffer; top-knots must come down. The gallant little band will inevitably be discomforted, and share the fate of the renowned captain, Don Quixote, in his encounter with the windmill.

Perhaps it is somewhat invidious to hint that Mrs. Sherman and her associates are shrewd enough to see that when women vote the pomp and circumstance of war will lose some of their glamour; that warriors will, in time perhaps, find their occupation gone; that officeholders will not be allowed to cheat and peculate quite so unblushingly as they now do; that incompetent and worthless men in public places will not find their berths such beds of ease as they now are.

How many of these classes, who have the strongest possible interest in keeping things exactly as they are, are represented by Mrs. Sherman's brigade?

UNRIGHTEOUS JUDGMENTS.

If there is anything that misbecomes a religious newspaper it is the habit of traducing and vilifying others—not only individuals but classes. Some of the plainest, least ambiguous passages of the book by which these publications profess to be inspired condemn harsh judgments and unsparing detraction.

The *Presbyterian Banner* has recently afforded a marked instance of how not to obey the dictates of Christianity in traducing its neighbors. While condemning the methods of attack which it claims are used by women's rights women, it adopts those very methods in its criticism on this class, and plies them with unsparing bitterness and rancor.

The recklessness of the *Banner's* assertions shows a sad want of that adherence to truth which is the mainspring of the religious conscience. There is an animus pervading some of its sentences that certainly does not emanate from the spirit which loves mercy and wishes to do justly, but from something quite the opposite.

Without bringing one particle of corroborative testimony, without quoting one line in proof of its assertion from any of the women who compose our ranks, this pharisaical sheet declares that women's rights women "uniformly represent men as tyrants if not brutes, throw contempt on the word of God, sneer at the church, and promulgate such doctrines with regard to marriage and divorce as, if adopted generally,would destroy the sacredness of the family relation and introduce complete social disorder."

Here is a wild and sweeping assertion supported by nothing. A whole class is executed in a sentence. All the best and wisest women who have devoted their lives to good works are indiscriminately condemned. What has Lucretia Mott ever done or uttered to entitle her to be called a ranter and railer, an infidel, an advocate of loose and pestiferous views? The same question can be asked concerning Lydia Maria Childs, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Julia Ward Howe, Paulina Wright Davis, and scores of others

Suppose we were to affirm that editors of religious newspapers, as a class, are uniformly canting, hypocritical men who, under the garb of religion, too often reveal the base passions and desires that are supposed to belong distinctively to the unregenerate. Would this broad assertion be any more unchristian than those which we have quoted from our religious cotemporary?

MISS REAM'S TRIUMPH.

In these prosaic days we do not look for any charming piece of romance to spring from real life. We are content to leave Corinne and her glorious sisters in the realm of fiction, where the imagination can crown them with flowers and offer beautiful ovations, *ad libitum*.

But we are not at all sure that the unveiling of Miss Ream's statue in the Rotunda of the Capitol—the presence and speeches of some of the most distinguished men in the land making the occasion a personal tribute to the slender girlish artist—will not, in years to come, seem very like a poet's fancy. If we mistake not, such a compliment has never before been paid to any of the artists who have adorned or disfigured the headquarters of the nation. A spontaneous impulse in the heart of those who loved our great Chief, appears to have given rise to the unique ceremony. Judge Davis, Senator Trumbull, Reprcsentative Cullum, and other life-long friends of Lincoln, were there to pass judgment upon the work of the woman artist; and all gave her the honor of having produced an admirable likeness of the martyred president. This probably will stand as the verdict of the nation, more interested in discovering personal and characteristic traits, which endeared the man to their hearts, than in picking flaws from the critic's point of view.

We do not doubt but that adverse criticisms will be made, that numerous defects of execution will be discovered, but this fact does not impair the value of the judgment of those who best knew and loved the man.

The magnificent daring of a young and almost unknown woman, in undertaking such a work, certainly challenges admiration. That she has achieved even a partial success is matter of wonder. A fragile girl only, as we understand, out of her teens, engaging in one of the labors of Hercules—exactly where one of our most eminent sculptors, H. K. Brown, has failed—and carrying it out to triumphal completion, is a unique spectacle.

It was a supreme moment for the courageous little girl, when she was "crowned at the Capitol." We sincerely hope her unprecedented success, so early in life, may not stultify her genius, as is too often the case, but only stimulate and inspire her to strive for more complete excellence in her glorious art.

A GREAT DANGER.

We clip the following from the proceedings of the Legislature at Albany, as reported through the columns of a daily paper:

"On the 23rd of January Mr. Morgan introduced a bill for the regulation of prostitution in New York. The bill creates a Board of Commissioners to be called "The Board for the Prevention of Prostitution." The Commissioners are authorized to grant licenses to keepers of houses of prostitution and assignation, at the rate of $500 for a first class license, and $250 for a second-class one. The licenses are to run one year. Attached to the proposed Commission is a Medical Board, the members of which will be required to report twice each month, on the condition of the prostitutes licensed under the act.

All houses of ill-fame not licensed are made subject to a fine of not exceeding $500, or imprisonment for three months, or both, at the discretion of the Court. The salaries of the Commissioners to be $3,500 a year, and of the medical men, $2,500. The fines and license fees to go toward supporting charitable institutions.

That such a measure is in contemplation ought to be known to all the women of the State and of the land. The Contagious Diseases Acts were, so to speak, sprung upon the English people and rushed through the British Parliament with indecent haste, at the close of the session when many of the members had left for home, passed without debate or any clear statement of the grounds for such an enactment, so that some who voted for it confessed they thought it a measure to check the rinderpest.

A similar danger threatens us now from Albany, whence so many abominations have already emenated. Who knows but it may be done while we sleep, and on waking up some fine morning, we shall find the social evil legalized, reared into the dignity of a great institution, protected by law and the medical faculty?

Women who see the direct bearing of this proposed bill, who realize that it is designed to set apart as victims many thousands of the sex, and extend over them the serveillance of the law that men may sin in safety, must feel, if never before, an intense desire to wield the power of the ballot, in order to strangle this heinous crime of male legislation at its very inception. If women could vote to-day, would the basest of the Tammany leaders dare to introduce so shameful a measure into our Assembly? We believe not. Of all things in the world, the social evil needs least to be legislated upon by such rulers as now wield influence in our State. The one shabby excuse in England for Parliamentary action—that of preserving the efficacy of the British army—is without force here. The laws are effective in certain specified districts of limited extent. The vast city of London is left out. Here the most direful effects would be seen in our great metropolis, where a moral deterioration might be anticipated as subtle as that which has eaten out the pith of French morality.

How can this impending shame be averted? Women should pray, preach, write, talk, peti-

tion against it. A storm of indignation and wrath ought to rush through the minds of the women of this city and state, similar to that which has brought so many burning protests from our English sisters.

The delicate and dainty and over refined may, doubtless will, shrink from the subject as something too foul for their contemplation, but unless they beware the hideous thing will be at their very doors, yea in their households. It is of the utmost importance to mothers, that vice shall not be made easy, safe, pleasant, and attractive to their sons. Are they not to be heard on this matter?

The moral sensibilities of the public are insulted by the announcement that the fines and dues accruing in the form of licenses, shall go toward supporting charitable institutions. O charity, has ever a fouler crime been committed in thy name!

CANVASSING FOR "EMINENT WOMEN."

BY LEWISE.

The town of W——, lying not far below the source of one of the handsomest of our Western rivers, and laid out upon prairie land, sloping gradually back from both sides of the stream, contains ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and is quite a business centre. Here I arrive at the close of a pleasant summer day, and am favored by securing board in a well-kept private boarding-house.

The secret of the home-like comforts found here, lie in the fact that the hostess and her capable young danghter do the work themselves, with the help, weekly, of a washwoman; and there are no careless, uninterested, incompetent servants to spoil the well-prepared breakfasts and dinners. Yet, I know that a Bridget would be an acceptable personage here if the income would meet the expense. Such an industrious, pains-taking life surely is deserving of something more than a bare subsistence. But the lady of the house cannot even take my book for board, however, much she may desire it, to add to the little store of good works in the parlor; because, of the rent and table bills to meet.

O, the cramped and pinched lives some women lead! Restricted for so long to the "only two or three respectable occupations" (as Catherine Beecher terms them,) for earning a scanty living.

How cheering the thought that a wider range of employments is opening to them to suit the varying tastes and capacities of individuals—that when they cannot be "honorably dependent," (which is the natural state of woman, according to Gail Hamilton,) they may do the next best thing, "earn an honorable independence."

I am favored with glorious weather here—harvest weather, not much of it too warm, although it is August; and besides, many of the streets are delightfully shaded. The balmy morning air and the golden sunsets that fill all my being with their freshness and beauty, and are as the very elixir of life to me, more than compensating for any little fatigue or discouragements I may meet with in this vocation, second only to public schools for the distribution of knowledge, (but so hardly judged, and not without reason, when are taken into account the ill-bred importunities of many agents). I would recommend this place to any invalid who has sufficient love of nature, to enjoy nature's "sweet restorers"—variety of scenery, air, and sunshine. I am far from having the marvelous success claimed by some, for I would like to elevate the calling "by doing as I would be done by;" and I tell people that it is not my business to urge them to subscribe, only to give them an opportunity of doing so; at which declaration there is much wonderment, as being "something new under the sun." So it is perceived I am not that "charming young lady" depicted in the *Independent*, "who never takes *no* for an answer;" but I leave many persons in a much kindlier mood than I found them. Occasionally, a lady tells me that she has seen a notice of the work, and is glad to have it brought to her.

This is one of the oldest towns in the State, and there are many pleasant, even luxurious homes here. A lawyer of considerable standing, who has Judge Cady's portrait in his office, and who says that he knew Mrs. E. C. Stanton in his earlier days, purchases a copy for the daughter, who graces with her sweet presence, the tasteful, spacious home in the centre of a wide-spreading lawn, shaded by vigorous old oaks.

It would seem that all of the sunshine must go out of a home with the going of such a sole or remaining daughter; and the question occurs if this is not a case for a man "to leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife." But such a position may be very distasteful for a self-reliant man; and it is conceded that each newly mated pair are safest from discord in a cozy nest of their own.

One fine afternoon I am tempted to go beyond the range of hills that shut in the town, and am amply repaid for my exploring mood.

An Englishwoman, living in a comfortable home, takes a copy I have with me and pays me for it, and a good, motherly lady occupying a brick octagon on the brow of the hill gives me an order. A little over the brow of the hill a lovely landscape of field, and wood, and stream, meet my view; glowing in the delicious calmness of a waning harvest day, and feeling fatigued from the ascent, I threw my satchel at the foot of an oak and seat myself there for a rest and a draught of pure pleasure.

Through this oak-shaded, hill-side pasture, a flock of sheep with a goat in their midst is quietly grazing, completing the peaceful rural scene.

At the foot of the hill the clear, blue river flows, and although "vexed" by a small mill winds its way at last into town, while beyond on a very gradual, but steadily ascending stretch and rise of ground are, first, a Bohemian's flower garden, which supplies the town with boquets, then fields of grass and grain lying spread out like a map with fences for lines, and here and there comfortable farm houses; the most distant and finest looking, located in the edge of a grove crowning the hill, (and which) I decide shall be the "Mecca" of this "pilgrimage."

A boquet of China pinks are the reward of my visit to the Bohemian's "garten," and their old-fashioned fragrance cheer me on my way. A young farmer's enterprising and active companion (as indicated by all I see) subscribes readily, although her husband is away, and without talk of butter-money either; so I conclude there is some equality here. Still, the fresh comely-looking wife, has not the least appearance of wearing the "bifurcated garments," or of being unnecessarily strong-minded.

I find the hill steeper for weary feet than I had bargained for; but do not regret the effort when un invalid upon a sofa within the modest mansion expresses her delighted admiration of my book, and the young girls of the family gather about the agreeable, matronly-looking lady of the house, toying with her hair caressingly, saying, "Please, mother, *do* take it—we want it so much."

She hesitates some time, remarking that her husband has sent to the publishers for Dr. Bushnell's "Reform Against Nature;" but "for her part, she wants to understand this matter; still, if it is not going to be of any benefit for women to vote, and if it is not their duty she can't say as she wishes to be burthened with any more responsibilities."

Well, she has quite a number, as that cluster about her shows, and how many more out with their father I do not know; but she evidently needs only the light to follow it, and I am glad to furnish her with a copy of "Eminent Women." When I praise their delightful situation, sheltered by the grove, and commanding so broad a view of river, meadow, and plain, I am eagerly told that "grandpa and we have decided to call it Oak Hill Villa."

But I am impatient of the moments as I know the sun to be about setting; so leaving sentiment and scenery behind me I hasten down the hill, cross another and a nearer bridge, and by clinging to an immense old oak, step across its roots upon the edge of the stream, and enter upon a near path to town; thus escaping the night-dews falling soon.

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— O —

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

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THE WOMAN'S INSTITUTE.

—The annual meeting of the Woman's Institute was held at 64 Madison Avenue, on the afternoon of January 19th. Letters were read from President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Gov. Hoffman, Gen. John A. Dix, Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, Richard B. Connolly, and others, accepting positions on the Advisory Board of the Dispensary. Mrs. Anna Densmore, M. D., was re-elected President of the Institute. Mrs. William E. Dodge, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Stakes, Jr., and Mrs. James L. Graham were, on Thursday, added to the Advisory Board, by whom slips of admission are given to the women City Missionaries and Bible Readers. A minor institute has been established in Jersey City, and one is soon to be established in Brooklyn. A dispensary has also been organized, and a charter is expected for it. It was opened December 29, 1870, at No. 459 Sixth Avenue, and since that time 125 prescriptions have been issued. Its aim is to relieve a class of sufferers not otherwise cared for, such as teachers in the lower departments of the public schools, sewing and saleswomen, female artists, and women reduced through reverses. A dental department will open within a week. Hosts of girls and women among the class which the dispensary tries to reach find it impossible to secure the preservation of the teeth, and the managers hope by this department to assist this class of sufferers. Those who are able will be required to pay for the material used, while those more destitute will be aided gratuitously. Within two weeks an eye and ear infirmary will also be opened, and at a later period will follow the hospital designed for the same classes of women. The Rev. Dr. Vail made an address, in which he said that, although there were two great influences in the Church, the follies of fashion and the folly of woman's rights, operating to draw the female mind from Christ, yet he thanked God that there were a large number of noble-minded women who responded, heart and hand, to enterprises such as this. It was highly appropriate that the Reverend Doctor should take occasion to denounce woman's rights, when the President of the Institute is a notable example of what woman's rights has practically done for the sex.

THE SEXES.

Mrs. Jameson, speaking of the mistaken belief that there are essential masculine and feminine virtues and vices, says it is not the quality itself, but the modification of the quality, which is masculine or feminine; and on the manner or degree in which these are balanced or combined in the individual, depends the perfection of that individual character. As the influences of religion are extended and as civilization advances, those qualities which are now admired as essentially *feminine* will be considered as essentially *human*—such as gentleness, purity, the more unselfish and spiritual sense of duty, and the dominance of the affections over the passions. This is perhaps, what Buffon, speaking as a naturalist meant when he said that with the progress of humanity *Les races se feminisent* The axiom of the Greek philosopher Antisthenes, the disciple of Socrates, *the virtue of the man and the woman the same*, shows a perception of this moral truth, a sort of anticipation of the Christian doctrine, even in the pagan times.

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THE COUNTESS BENEDETTI.

A very rich Greek merchant, resident in Alexandria, had two black wives, whom he loved dearly, and for whose service he provided a large retinue of beautiful girls. One of his wives chanced to see a charming white girl one day, and was so pleased with her that she coaxed her husband into buying her.

The beautiful slave became a confidential servant and companion of her black mistresses, and conducted herself toward them in such a sagacious manner that she became indispensible to them. She sang to them, and gossipped and frolicked so gracefully that *ennui* was banished completely. She won their affections, and through them also the affection of her master, the venerable Greek merchant.

But unfortunately the black wives suddenly fell sick one day, and before nightfall they were both dead. Their decease was known to nobody, and they were hastily buried. The beautiful young slave, who had not left their side for a moment during the few hours of their illness, seemed inconsolable. She did her best, however, to assuage the grief of the ancient merchant, and in this way so endeared herself to him that he adopted her as his child and heir, since he was a little too old to marry her. In course of time, the venerable sage rejoined his swarthy wives in the other world, and the fortunate nymph came into possession of his millions. At this stage of her existance Count Benedetti, who was then only a penniless *attache* to the French consulate in Alexandria, offered her his hand and heart, and having married her, with the aid of her wealth cut for himself a road to fame. In this way, she who was once a slave to slaves, became a star in the circles of the French world of fashion.

INDIANA DIVORCES.

Governor Baker, of Indiana, in his recent message, dwells at length and with great severity, upon the facility with which citizens of other States, after a pretended residence in Indiana, obtain divorces, and then return to their homes from which they fled for that very purpose. The laws under which such schemes can be carried out, he says, are a reproach to the civilization of the age, and are in violation of the comity of sister States. The Governor recommends that the clause of the statute which authorizes divorces for any cause that the Court may deem sufficient should be repealed, and that the clause making cruel treatment a good cause of divorce should be so amended as to require the treatment to be cruel and inhuman or cruel and barbarous. He also recommends certain changes in the practice in divorce cases, which would render impossible the collusive or fraudulent separation of husband and wife, and says that with such amendments Indiana divorces would soon cease to be advertised in the Atlantic cities as marketable commodities.

—An Irish lady at Troy, teacher in one of the public schools, tortured a class of young girls by suddenly inquiring if they could tell the name of the first woman. One of the little ones, more forward than the rest, advanced to the front of the class, and replied: "Well, we don't know, ma'am, what her name was; but, any way, she wasn't Irish."

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Wit and Humor.

—A young lady, at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. She replied immediately with much naivete, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

—Would you like the girl of your heart to see you while you are having your hair shampooed; or at that comical moment when the hatter, wishing to obtain the exact size of your head, is trying on the curious little machine which he keeps for that purpose?

—Tom—"I say, Jack, what a beautiful complexion Miss Smith has? Do you know her?" Jack—"No; but I know a girl who buys her complexion at the same store."

—The author of a novel just published, wishing to say that her heroine opened her mouth, thus expresses herself: "The pretty coral door-keepers of her words gave way, and a low mocking laugh ran out from them."

—A female lecturer said: "Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millennium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel wouldn't you, you blockheads?"

—A Benedict advertises his wife for sale, warranted sound and kind; his only reason for disposing of her being that he feels his own educational inferiority.

—Why are there no eggs in San Domingo? They banished the whites, and cast off their yoke.

—"You flatter me." said a thin exquisite the other day to a young lady, who was praising the beauty of his moustache. "For gracious sake, ma'am," interposed a sharp friend, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is now."

—A very penurious lady was so affected by a charity sermon on a recent occasion as to borrow a dollar from her neighbor and put it in her own pocket.

—The extension of woman's sphere: (Fond mother to visitor.) "As for Susie there, my dear, she's so clever!—physics her doll regularly with dirt pills, and has just been and amputated one of the poor dumb thing's legs, and so we were going to make a doctor of her."

—Aristocratic collector of articles of vertu to unsophisticated though wealthy parvenu—"Mrs. Figgins, this is a remarkably fine bust of Marcus Aurelius." Mrs. F.—"Is that the present marquis, my lord, or 'is father?"

—The man who married three sisters in succession excuses himself for so doing on the ground that he got off with only one mother-in-law.

—A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales?

"Why, no," she answered, "I didn't know crabs had tails."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said he, "I mean have you read Crabbe's Tales?"

"And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other kind of crabs, had tails."

—Definition of a kiss—a report from headquarters.

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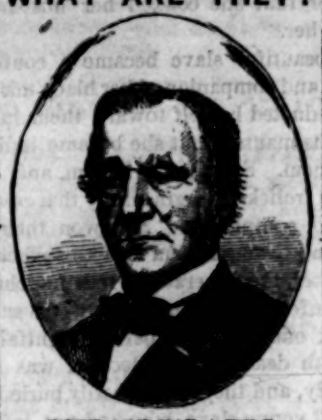

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